

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

VOLUME 24

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1880.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, at \$7 a Year.

NUMBER 47

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Election Tuesday, November 24, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT.
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
OF OHIO.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
OF NEW YORK.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

At Large: (George) LIND, (Rush) LANSLAND.
1st District: LEONARD S. BLAKE.
2d District: GEORGE E. WATKINS.
3d District: WILLIAM P. McLAUGHLIN.
4th District: CHARLES P. LAYMAN.
5th District: RICHARD L. BROWN.
6th District: FREDERICK H. KRUG.
7th District: JOHN T. KINISON.

CONGRESSIONAL.

First District: CHARLES C. WILLIAMS.
Third District: GEORGE C. HAZELTON.
Fourth District: CASPER M. SANGER.
Sixth District: H. L. HUMPHREY.

STATE SENATE.

Representative District.
HAMILTON RICHARDSON, of Janesville.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Sheriff: **H. L. SKAVLEN,** of Newark.
For Register of Deeds: **G. L. VALENTINE,** of Janesville.
For County Treasurer: **WILLIS MILES,** Town of Janesville.
For County Clerk: **S. MORGAN,** of Lima.
For District Attorney: **JOHN W. SALZ,** of Janesville.
For Clerk of the Court: **A. W. BALDWIN,** of Milton.
For Surgeon: **R. K. LEE,** of Janesville.
For Coroner: **O. ALLEN,** of Milton.

The Democratic party is a party of one idea—and that is how to get into the treasury.

The nomination of Mr. Clinton Babbitt for Congress, is "official" notice that the Democrats of this district have quit the field.

The business men of this country are going to vote for prosperity this fall, and this will make New York, Indiana, and Connecticut sure for Garfield.

The battle to be fought this year is between the principle of Abraham Lincoln, loyalty and freedom on the one hand, and Jefferson Davis, Lee and Jackson, and secession on the other.

Rock county has an excellent county ticket in the field, and this added to the fact that the Republicans are solidly united, will assure the county one of the biggest majorities it ever gave.

It is said that General Grant will reach Madison one week from next Monday, the 6th of September, will remain in the city until Wednesday, and will be the guest of Colonel William F. Vilas. Other distinguished men will attend the fair, but the great drawing card will be General Grant.

The Wisconsin Democrats have not yet realized the fact that there is a campaign before them. The fact is, they are put to their wits' end for argument to prove that the business prosperity of the country should be changed to adversity and uncertainty, and that the principles of ex-rebels are better than those of loyal men.

The renomination of George C. Hazelton for Congress in the 3d district was a signal triumph for that gentleman. He had violent opposition coming from portions of his own county, and also from the press of Lafayette and Green counties; but in the face of all this, he received more than a majority of all the votes of the convention on the first ballot. Mr. Hazelton is a strong man in the House of Representatives and is a very valuable member, and if he would, Iling away the ambition to go to the Senate, he would grow stronger in his own district for the position he has so honorably filled during the past four years.

The official returns of the census show the population of Wisconsin to be 1,315,464, as against 1,236,729 in 1870, and 1,054,670 in 1870. The gain since 1870 is 182,059, and since 1870, only 73,735. There is little doubt that the census of 1870 was taken in a recklessly loose manner, especially in the cities. The census by Congressional districts is as follows:

Districts. Pop. 1870. 1st. 142,124. 2d. 132,183. 3d. 130,084. 4th. 127,721. 5th. 137,721. 6th. 139,119. 7th. 138,124. 8th. 137,411. 9th. 136,117. 10th. 135,117.

The gains will be found very small in the three first districts, that in the last being 5,625, in the 2d, 970, and in the 3d, only 24. The 6th, 7th, and 8th districts show very important gains in population, the 6th being 49,142, the 7th, 74,241, and the 8th, 81,018. It is not likely that the State will gain a member of Congress under the apportionment Congress will make in 1883.

General Garfield once said that the Democratic party was like an army bridling a bridge, and burning each span behind it. It has built and burned until at last it stands isolated in the swamp, unable to get to either shore. Being destitute of any creed, or any fixed and progressive ideas, it has thrown itself into the embrace of the South, and by the aid of the South alone, expects to gain control of the executive branch of the Government. Strange as it may seem, the leaders of the party have landed the Democracy just where General Garfield pointed out—isolated—in the

swamp. They can't retrace their steps. They can't rebuild the burnt bridges. They can't blot out their record. The dark spot on the forehead of the Democratic party, is indehible. Its acts have been acts of opposition and obstruction. It has said no to every progressive thought of the country since Sumner was first upon, and to-day it is in the valley of humiliation with all its hopes blasted, and its name a synonym for falsehood and oppression.

THE LATE KING COTTON.

For many years before the war the boast of the South, aside from its slaves, was that cotton was king. This had been repeated so often in Southern newspapers and by Southern speakers, that up to the time the war broke out half the North believed that cotton was in fact king. This idea of the kingly power of cotton became so prevalent in the South, and had become so deep seated in the minds of the people, that they at once assumed that the North could not exist without the South, and when the first gun was fired in 1861, and that a blockade of the Southern markets, and cutting off a supply of cotton from the North, would put the free States at a decidedly disadvantage in the contest, between the two sections. The Chicago Times, on Thursday, quotes the language of a Tennesseean, in 1861, who said to a Northern man: "I want you to tell your people up North that, if they let us alone they will have no trouble. But if they continue their aggressions upon us we will starve them out in six months."

But going still farther in the discussion of the royal character of cotton, a Southern newspaper which reflected the sentiment of the people of the South, had the boldness to publish to the world the intelligence that "the South grows cotton and tobacco, and thus pays all the debts of all the people of this nation to Europe, and has prevented the United States from becoming bankrupt. But for her productions the United States would be poor indeed. But for handling these productions the Yankees would never have a cotton factory to boast of. The South furnishes everything that makes this country independent. Take her cotton from New England, and these states would dwindle down to nothing. Take the handling of her cotton and tobacco from New York, and that city would find nothing wherewith to pay her indebtedness to foreign countries."

But the North was not starved out, neither did it go into bankruptcy. Important as his royal majesty King Cotton was, it did not make any difference in the purposes of the North, neither did the cutting off the supply of cotton cripple the energies or the ability of the North to contend with the slave-power of the South. To the boast of the South paying our foreign debts with the products of cotton and tobacco, the following answer is furnished by the Times: "During the year ended June 30, 1879, the American people exported breadstuffs valued at \$210,355,928; provisions valued at \$117,857,425, and petroleum valued at \$38,124,836. These exports, amounting in value to \$366,337,789, were almost exclusively northern. During the same time the value of cotton exported was \$162,904,250, and of tobacco, and manufactures thereof \$28,215,240. These products, together valued at \$191,119,490, were about all the exports furnished by the 'South.' The northern exports, exclusive of manufactures, were nearly double the southern, and yet we still hear the solid-south organs boasting that cotton is king."

These figures show how idle is the boast of the Southern Democrats that cotton is absolute king. The statistics of this country relating to agriculture in 1877, give the total value of the cotton crop of that year at 209 million dollars, while the products of wheat, corn and oats, alone of the North were valued at over ten hundred million dollars. During the past week, the Hon. Martin L. Townsend, ex-member of Congress from the Troy, New York district, paid a visit to his farms in Iowa, and on his return through Chicago he was way-laid by a ubiquitous newspaper reporter, and interviewed in regard to the crop prospects in Iowa. He said the crops were the best and largest ever known in Iowa, and that the whole value of the agricultural products of the State this year will be over 200 million dollars, a sum nearly as great as the value of the entire cotton crop of the South.

The September number of the North American Review contains seven articles. The first is the initial paper by M. Charnay on "The Ruins of Central America." This article is illustrated with photographs, which aid materially in the study of the text. An expedition under the auspices of the American and French governments, of which M. Charnay is in charge, is now operating in Central America, and the explorations are likely to create an interest more valuable archeological results, even than came from the researches of Champollion in Egypt. They promise a new chapter in American history that shall establish the origin of the remarkable race of which nothing but splendid ruins were left when Columbus discovered the new world. Follow us: this article is one on "The Penitentiary of C. in the Institutions." From the pen of S. Wells Williams. The writer has been a resident in China for many years, and is thoroughly conversant with the language, institutions, and social conditions which he discusses. General John W. Chaney, the surviving member of Mrs. Surratt's counsel, writes upon "The Trial of Mrs. Surratt." The author is clearly be-

lieves that Mrs. Surratt was innocent of the crime for which she suffered death, and expresses himself feelingly. "The Presidency of God" is treated by the metaphysical writer, W. T. Harris, R. B. Forbes gives some valuable suggestions in reference to "Stimulant, Disinfectant." The Rev. Edward Everett Hall follows with a paper upon "Christianity in the Public," that will hardly fail to draw some protests from his fellow clergymen. The number closes with a review of several recent works on Brain and Nerves by Dr. George M. Beard.

THE SHAM BATTLE.

The Darkness Prevents the Rockford People from Seeing the Maneuvers.

The Grand Street Parade of the Soldiers in Rockford.

Governor Smith and Staff Entertained in the City and at the Camp.

The Hancock Ratification Meeting in Washington a Fizzle.

Casper M. Sanger Nominated for Congress by the Milwaukee Republicans.

Fairchild and Noyes Want to Come Home and Stamp the Country—Compromise Documents.

The Republican Campaign Committee Busy Distributing Documents.

George Veley Arrested on the Charge of Murdering Jacob Blackwell in Watworth.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

MEXICAN INVADERS.

Special to the Gazette.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—A dispatch from Tucson says the invaders of Mexico were defeated and driven back.

FIRE.

Special to the Gazette.
HARRISBURG, Aug. 27.—Lath's warehouses and stables at Steelton, were burned, this morning; also the adjoining property. Loss \$50,000.

SUSPECTED.

George Veley Arrested on a Charge of Murdering Jacob Blackwell.

DRAWN, Aug. 26.—George Veley, charged with the murder of Jacob Blackwell in Sharon township this county, on Tuesday evening, was arrested today by Sheriff Babcock, and conveyed to the county jail at Elkhorn, a mental examination. It is possible, however, that Veley is not the right man. Other arrests are looked for.

ROCKFORD.

A Sham Fight Put Off by a Visit of Governor Smith and Staff.

Rockford, August 26.—Fully ten thousand strangers were here today to visit Camp Fuller, as the encampment of the 3d regiment is known. The day proved to be most pleasant. In spite of the threatening appearance this morning, at 9:30 a grand street parade took place, in which over five hundred of the militia participated. The march was about eight miles in length, and through all the principal streets. Owing to the terrible rains the night preceding, the roads were very muddy, but the boys plowed through them bravely. At 8 o'clock p. m. a sham battle took place. This was a most unique and original affair, being fought entirely under cover of the darkness. At half past 8 a crowd of many thousands gathered around the camp to witness the battle, but there was not much to see. The various companies formed in the darkness, with night but the starlight to see by, and said starlight was not over bright. The loud roar of one of Major Tobey's cannon, together with the vivid flashes from its brass mouth, set the ball rolling, and then the battle commenced. As viewed from the camp it consisted simply of successive streaks of fire, together with innumerable little pops, like a bunch of firecrackers going off at once. The cannon, with their ponderous roar, livened the scene a little. The opposing forces were completely hid from view, save when a volley-racket from the camp would go shooting into the air, to fall away out on the battlefield, fighting with streaks of fire the scene for a moment, the whole affair lasted only about forty minutes. This evening the camp is fit up with Chinese lanterns and is the scene of much merriment. The boys have enjoyed themselves immensely since they have been here. Two companies, company E of the 6th, and Company D of the 1st regiment of Chicago—return tomorrow at 10 o'clock. The camp will probably be broke Saturday.

Yesterday afternoon Gov. Smith, attended by General Palmer, Col. Smith and Capt. Chapman, of his staff, arrived from Janesville on the 1 o'clock train. They were escorted to Dr. R. P. Lane's residence, by a portion of the citizen soldiers, where they will be entertained during their visit. In the afternoon the governor inspected the soldiers in camp, and witnessed the dress parade and battalion drill, after which they were escorted to the quarters of Colonel Brazee, where officers of the different organizations and a number of prominent Rockford citizens were invited, and a pleasant season was spent. The governor expressed himself well pleased at the camp, the soldiers and all arrangements, and pronounced the location superior to anything he could imagine.

POLITICAL.

Fairchild and Noyes Want to Come Home and Stamp the Country—Compromise Documents.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—It is understood that Minister Noyes and Consul General Lucius Fairchild, smiling the battle from afar, wanted to come home and take a hand in the fight. Secretary Evans, however, did not approve of it, and refused to grant them leave for that purpose. A private letter from Paris says that the one-armed veteran Fairchild can hardly restrain his impatience at his inability to appear on the stump and talk to the soldiers of the Northwest, whom he knew in war as well as in peace.

Of all the long and varied list of documents which are being printed by the Congressional Campaign Committee, there is the greatest demand for Garfield's speeches. His Cleveland speech in October last year, is a prime favorite. To-day the committee added to their list the speech of Blaine in the Senate, during the extra session, showing how a Southern white man had two voices to a Northern white man's one.

A FIZZLE.

A Democratic Ratification in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The Hancock ratification meeting, so extensively advertised, was held here this evening. Great preparations had been made for it, and money which the newly Democrats of the District will miss for many a day, was expended on it. There was to be such a procession as had never been witnessed in the Capital, and the city, which cannot vote, was to show the country that Hancock was sure to win. If the Democratic leaders are satisfied with a straggling procession of boys, most of them under age, who could not vote if suffrage existed in the District, the ratification was a success. There their great meeting ends. There were many letters, the authors of some of which could not have been written. There were Roman candles, and Bengal lights, bonfire, crackers, and Chinese lanterns, and smoking lanterns. That part of the procession which was not composed of boys consisted mostly of what the Democrats proudly called a section of the famous Black-Horse Cavalry in command of Gen. Lee, nephew of Robert E. Lee.

DESS BOSS NOW.

"Are you the boss of the house?" Yes replied the landlord, "I'm boss now, for my wife died two weeks ago, what was the matter with her? Oh Dyspepsia and Bilious Fever, she ought to have taken Spring Blossom and then she'd be boss."

REMARKABLE DWARF.

New York, Aug. 26.—Bridget Sughran, aged 31, has arrived from Ireland. She is a most remarkable dwarf, having ceased to grow any after she was six months old. She cannot walk, talk or even utter a cry. Her food consists of a very small quantity of milk, with pinch of bread. The child is on her way to Madison City, Pa., where her parents intend to settle. The child is partly bald, and has lost many of her teeth.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Casper M. Sanger Nominated for Congress in this Milwaukee District.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 26.—The Hon. Casper M. Sanger was nominated by the Republicans of this district for Congress today. The nomination was made by acclamation amidst great enthusiasm. The features of the affair was the presentation speech by Edward Sanderson, who had been expected to be a candidate himself, and the seconding by Mr. S. S. Barney, of West Bend, a friend of Judge Crosby, who was thought to be looking for the nomination. Mr. Sanderson predicted Sanger's election, and the latter made a speech of thanks, pledging himself to work for the good of the Government and the Republican party. This makes perfect entry in the Republican party, and the predictions are general tonight that Sanger will be elected.

CRANBERRIES.

WATKINS, Aug. 26.—The cranberry crop in Watkinson county bids fair to be larger than for many years. The berries are large and very thick. If the frost does not make its appearance for ten days or two weeks picking will have commenced and finished. Cranberry culture is becoming an important item in Watkinson county products.

Nerve Power.

Few people suffer so much nervous exhaustion as newspaper editors. The wear and tear of getting out a good paper tell fearfully, and readers seldom know how much vital force a single item may have cost the one who wrote it. Editors have often been driven to drink in order to stimulate their exhausted faculties, but of late are using Warner's Safe Nerve instead. This valuable preparation acts as a soothing power, quieting the nerves and producing sleep with all the refreshment that it brings.

Sargent Bros. Druggists, Delta, O., who they have great success with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and that they never sold anything that gave such universal satisfaction. For sale by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Shorer.

CONVICTS ON THE SEA.

We wrote about 500 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, and our ship's head pointed nearly due east.

"Twelve knots an hour," says I to the skipper, in reply to "How much is she making?" The dripping log line was rolled up and the time-glass placed away in the cabin. An extra pulley was taken on the braces, the yards pressed land against the stays, and right well did the old Marathon lie over from the heavy breeze that swelled our heavy canvas to its greatest tension. I leave the log again.

"How much now?" asked the skipper. "Twelve and a half, sir." "I guess that is about all we can get out of her, with this wind; that extra pulley gave her the other half knot." In ten days after passing Kerguelen's Land, the high and irregular coast of Australia was visible from the masthead by our first mate, Mr. Bolter, who shouted the glad tidings to the men on the deck. No sooner had the sound of his voice died away than a baker's dozen were running up the railines, eager to even a distant view of the great island.

A number of us old salts, who had sailed for Australia before, contented ourselves with sniffing the air like so many porpoises.

After we had passed between Tasmania and the South Sea continent, we might have been met by the November gale for Sydney. No sooner had we passed our right bow in the river just off the town than our vessel was boarded by the surgeon of the port who examined our papers, and, being satisfied that we were in good health, our ship was allowed to land up anchor in the city.

The old man went ashore to make his report to the Consul, but when he returned his face wore a troubled look. He called Mr. Bolter and myself into the cabin, where, to our surprise and chagrin he stated that the Consul had informed him that, when the cargo was discharged, he should have to press the ship into service for the Government to carry a lot of convicts to Van Dieman's Land. The vessel that had brought them was disabled, and could proceed no further without repairs.

The skipper remonstrated against the seizure, but it was of no avail. The Consul said he was sorry, but it could not be avoided—our vessel being the only one in port that would answer the purpose, and the convicts must be got off without delay. This news found its way among the crew, and several of them ran away and took to the bush, not caring to risk themselves at sea with a lot of desperate men fresh from the prisons of England. The skipper quoted the fears of the rest by telling them that no danger could possibly arise, as the convicts would be heavily armed and placed between decks with guards every three feet.

On the following morning, between decks were prepared for the reception of our live freight. A strong double bulkhead was put up just forward the cabin, and one just aft of the chain-lockers, and extra bars and padlocks were procured for the hatches.

Everything being in readiness, our guests were marched down between files of soldiers. Each convict was handcuffed, and on the right ankle of every man was a heavy chain, the ends of which were fastened together, their movements were quite slow and retarded. As they filed up the gang plank to the deck, I counted eighty-seven. Some were large, powerful men; others were weak and wore a sickly expression, but they all had a look of dogged determination, and their closely-cropped hair and striped trousers and jackets making them look all the more savage. When number eighty-seven reached the deck, they were drawn up in line and inspected by the superintendents and his assistants. Each man stood motionless, his hands fastened in order to see if he had any weapons.

Nothing was found, however, but what was proper for them to have. So the inspector informed us that there would be no danger, and we would soon be rid of them. The guard that was to accompany each one having a musket, two revolvers and a cut-throat. Several extra casks of water were got on board for fear we would not have enough to last during the run. As no signs of our runaway were to be had, the skipper was obliged to ship several men in order to fill his complement. One of these fellows was a villainous-looking customer, and asked the Captain why he shipped such a man. He replied it was the best he could do. Sailors were scarce, as nearly every one was off in the mines, or stock raising. I told Captain Billows that I did not relish having such a man on board the Marathon, but he laughed at my fears and said the man had been discharged from a Liverpool ship some two months before, and as he wished to return home, he thought he would ship on the Marathon.

The Consul verified the man's statement, which satisfied the skipper, so he went on his way, and the strength of this I said nothing more to the Consul, but determined to keep a weather eye on that man's movements. We were to put out to sea that night if the wind were favorable. The eighty-seven men were placed between decks to remain there until morning, when they would be taken out for an airing. The guard consisted of twenty-four men, half the number standing watch while the others turned in below.

It was 11 o'clock before the wind was in our favor, and nearly 8 bells when we weighed anchor. I tell you I did not sleep much in my watch below the shouts and curses of the convicts made a perfect Bedlam and would have aroused the seven sleepers. To vain the guard threatened them, but they only answered derisively and dared the soldiers to shoot. Water came to my berth when his watch was out, and I said he expected to find me awake, for no one could sleep with those wretched howlings. So I lighted my pipe and went on deck, preferring to remain above than on a level with the banished Englishman. Before daybreak they were quiet enough, and no particular one could be sifted out for creating the disturbance, so the whole eighty-seven went out for an airing.

About 7 o'clock they were led up on deck for an airing, and to pass inspection. After remaining three hours they were sent below again. In the afternoon about 3 o'clock a gale sprang up. The yards were soon manned, and I went aloft myself, as is generally the custom when all hands are called.

While I was passing the weather carring and taking the last turn, I heard Shallop (one of the forecast hands, who was knotting a reef-point next to me ask: "Where is Barker? I don't see him on the yard."

I looked over the line of men, and sure

enough he was not there. I tell you I wasn't long getting on deck and seeing my suspicious to the captain. We at once rushed forward, followed by a crowd of the guard, and just as we reached the forecastle that should make his appearance Barker.

The old man yelled at him: "What are you doing down there? Speak up, what are you shivering below for when all hands are called for duty?" "I was sick," growled the seamed old man, and could not go aloft. "You are lying, you villain, and you know it," said the skipper. "I'll be bound you are up to some devilry. Mr. Steerway, just keep your eye on him till I come back."

"Ay, ay, sir," I responded. By this time all hands had come down from aloft. The Captain soon returned and stated that he could find nothing out of the way, but I was convinced in my own mind that something was out of the way. So the old man gave me leave to go below and satisfy myself. I could find nothing, but the way was far from being satisfied. I asked way was Barker of all others, down below? We told the crew of our suspicions and told them to keep a look out on Barker's movements.

As night came on, the guard was relieved and stationed by the sergeant to be on the alert. It seemed kind of queer to me that the convicts remained so quiet.

PETIT JURORS.

OFFICE OF CLERK OF CIRCUIT COURT, August 27th, 1880. Notice is hereby given that I shall proceed to draw the petit jurors for the November term of the Circuit Court for Rock county, at my office in the city of Janesville, on the 31st day of September, 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the manner provided by law. A. W. BALDWIN, Clerk.

FOR EXCURSIONS, FISHING PARTIES!

Picnics and Tourists.

I have the fullest and best line of goods for Fishing Parties, Picnics and Travellers. I have Sailed Roast, and Pot-d Chicken and Turkey, Lunch Tongue, Compressed Tongue, Deviled Tongue, Pressed Ham, Putted Ham, Pickled Game, Deviled Lobsters, Cooked Corn Beef, Sardines in Oil, Tomato Sauce and Salad Dressing, Anchovies, Salmon, Jam, Pigs Feet, Baked Beans, Cranberry Sauce, Mush Pickles Sweet, Prepared Mustard, Sauces, Jellies, Jams and Preserves, Brandied Fruits, Table Vinegar, Bottled Cider, Seltzer, Raspberry Vinegar, Lime Juice, &c., &c. Also, Parker House Rolls, Brown Bread, Choice Crackers, &c.

J. A. DENNISIGN.

49 West Milwaukee St.



Thoroughbred Poland China Swine!

I have now on hand a fine lot of Poland stock as can be found in no other state. They are strictly pure, prices low, and satisfaction guaranteed. I reserve the right to refuse any order unless accompanied by cash or satisfactory reference. Address: W. L. DENNISIGN, Milton, Wis.

PALE OF 1880.

Teachers' Examinations

For First District, Rock County

Will be held as follows: At Okefordville, September 11, 12 and 13. At Fulton, September 22, 23 and 24. At Allouez, September 25, 26 and 27. To accommodate those who cannot attend the regular examinations, a supplementary will be held in the High School building at Evansville, October 21 and 22. The examinations will be thorough, consisting of both written and oral, and will commence promptly at 9:30 a. m. A copy of the rules to be followed in this supplementary examination will be sent to each teacher in force, are expected to attend. The announcements given hereafter respecting the examinations, and permits, will be strictly adhered to. Teachers' Meetings will be held at Okefordville, September 11 and 12, and at Evansville, September 25 and 26. Let all who possibly can, be present, and let us have a pleasant and profitable meeting. A programme of exercises will be duly announced. Evansville, Aug. 6, 1880. J. W. WEST, County Superintendent.

R. C. YEOMANS,

Franklin street, Corn Exchange Square, Janesville, Wis.

Gas and Steam Fitting Goods!

Globe and other Valves, Engine Fittings, Rubber Hose, Sheet Rubber, Lead Pipe, Packing, &c.

Steam, Gas and Water Pipe Fitting a Specialty.

Deep and Shallow Well Boring, Estimating and Contracting Taken on Work at a Distance. All work Promptly and Attentively performed.

DR. MOWE

Is in Janesville this week, and WANTS TO SELL HIS HOMESTEAD

On West Bluff street. It is a beautiful home, and if he can't get its worth is bound to sell for less. Amount of J. B. Doe, July 24, 1880. J. B. Doe.

FOR SALE!

At Gazette Counting Room, A Beckford Knitting Machine

Which will be sold at a bargain, oct30d4w1t

CITY TAXES.

Notice is hereby given, that the annual warrant for the collection of city taxes, for the year 1880, is now in my hands, and that I will receive said taxes at my office in this city, until the 31st day of September next; after which I shall proceed to collect the same as the law directs. J. M. HAZELTON, Treasurer of the City of Janesville, August 10, 1880.

AT WHEELOCK'S

CROCKERY STORE, You can get one of the best FRUIT JARS!

Ever put on the market—The "Mellie." They also keep the Mason and other Jars. Look at the 4-Quart Ice Cream Freezers for \$2.00. Jewett's Water Coolers.

JEWETT'S FILTERS.

The use of Filters avoids sickness many times. New styles of Bird Cages, Electric Bells, &c. Toilet Sets, \$5.00; more.

Hanging Baskets,

At 10 cents each. Flower Pots, Lawn Vases, Job lot of Clothes Baskets at half their cost. New Patterns of Glassware, 25 patterns of Goblets; some in silver and gold. Also, 11 pieces of Glassware, 25 cents; new supplies for eating Berries, Green Peas, &c. Another lot of Mid-land's Pine.

Stone China Ware

At old prices; plenty of SILVER WARE.

Cutlery and China Ware. Job Lot of 575 Vases at special prices; Fine China Moss Rose, 50 pieces; 1st Set, \$2.00. New Novelties just opened, suitable for presents.

J. B. Minor

A FRESH STOCK OF GROCERIES

At No. 93 West Milwaukee Street

The best uncolored Jap Tea

in the city for 50 cents

The best Old Government Java Coffee for 32 cents.

CONVICTS ON THE SEA.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

for beyond a low conversation their voices were scarcely audible, but I thought afterward they intended to get a good night's sleep, and preferred to keep still.

I lay awake some time after turning in; but my eyes finally grew heavy, and I was in the land of dreams—away off in Boston. My mother came to my room (I was still in my dreams) to tuck in the bed clothes. I felt her gentle touch on the blankets; but why did she place her hand over my mouth? I opened my eyes to see the reason.

The glittering blade of a sheath knife was held before them. I knew the reason then pretty quick I assure you, for Barker held it.

Now, Steeraway, he says, "you just keep quiet, and you won't be hurt. Open your mouth and you won't know who hurt you."

I knew that any movement on my part would be my death warrant.

"Will you keep quiet if I take my hand from your mouth?"

I nodded my head in the affirmative, as his hand was removed. "Now, Steeraway," says he, "I am going to tie you and put a little stopper in your mouth. I won't hurt you, for I know how to do these things."

He evidently did, for I was very soon bound hand and foot, a gag placed in my mouth, and your humble servant rendered as useless as a dead man. The convict then left me and disappeared. I had not been alone more than ten minutes, when I heard a voice near the berth head say, "All right."

In a moment more a light draught of air entered my nostrils, and I smelt strongly of pent-up air—a sort of convict odor, so to speak.

The bulkhead had been removed and the cabin was soon crowded with prisoners. Not a sound did they make, for the iron bars were off, and the thought flashed quickly in my mind that they were in their hands, may the Lord have mercy on our crew.

Silently they went up the cabin stairs; then I heard a quick rushing sound, shouts, yells, curses, then a few shots in quick succession; several sputters near the cabin headlight; more shouts and yells.

"Down with them! Now or never!"

No Van Dieman's for us! Down with them!"

In vain I heard several voices pleading for mercy. But those men knew no mercy. Finally the shouts and yells ceased, and the quick rushing sound of feet overhead. Presently a step descended the stairs, the rope binding me was cut, the gag torn from my mouth, and a gruff voice said:

"Come, Steeraway, you are wanted on deck. Lively now."

I came to the conclusion that it was useless to deliberate, and I obeyed the order at once. It was not necessary for me to ask what the matter was. I knew that well enough, at a glance.

Barker—that scoundrel Barker—was an escaped convict, and had shipped on board the Marathon for the purpose of aiding his friends, and from the appearance of things, he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations. As I emerged from the cabin, I was greeted with: "Here he is," by several of the striped-jacketed gentry. "Now, Steeraway, we want you to mind and do just as we tell you—or what Joe Goshawk, the Captain tells you—and you won't be hurt; but if you don't, why overboard you go. We know you are a nigger, now what is that shark's dinner or obey orders?"

Of course I didn't want to ease the appetite of the jet-finned wolves that were swimming around the ship. So I told them I would do all they wished; but I wanted to know what had become of the Captain and crew.

"It'd better be seen after them and ask 'em what's done with 'em; all except that cussed first mate, Bolter, and we can't get no track of him, blast him," said Goshawk, the recognized leader.

I uttered a silent prayer that Bolter might be safe, stowed away somewhere out of the clutches.

"Well, Steeraway," says Goshawk, "where are you?"

"About eighty miles from Van Dieman's Land."

"Now, then," says he, "you just fix this ship so that she will be more than fit in twelve hours from now. Make her run north until I ask you again where we are."

"And mind you don't play any points, or you'll find the bottom of Davy Jones pretty quick."

I asked him then who would work the vessel.

"Why, you just give the orders and these men will work her; and mind you give them right."

"Then brace around the yards," replied I, "so I can get her on the other track."

"All right," said Goshawk; "tell us the ropes that had to do with them and pointed out the braces."

In ten minutes we were around and sailing almost due north.

When day broke my heart almost sank within me. The deck presented a sickening sight. Pools of clotted blood here and there, torn clothing, the remnant of some desperate struggle, and the striped convict jackets and red coats of the English soldiers, were scattered over the deck.

I requested that the decks be cleared up and washed down, so that no vestige might greet my eyes of that terrible encounter that had taken place the night before. At noon Goshawk checked where we were. I had just taken the sun, and found we were in 32 deg. south latitude and 173 deg. east longitude, all of which I correctly informed the convict skipper.

"Am't the Fijis about here somewhere?" he asked.

"Yes, they are in 20 deg. latitude and 180 deg. longitude."

"Well, take us there, Steeraway, and you are free to go in the long boat just as soon as we sight land. I'll take care of the Marathon myself."

As we still had about 120 miles to the north to make and about 420 miles of longitude, I computed the sailing distance, and found there were about 1,140 miles to cover, which, deducting the difference from our actual course, would leave about 990 miles before we reached the Fijis. I repeated the same to Goshawk, who grunted anything but satisfaction. "No nearer than that? Well, keep for the Fijis, anyhow."

So I kept her for the Fijis, and on the fourth day "Land, ho!" was shouted by one of the convicts who was stationed aloft. Goshawk's eyes brightened up, and he turned to me, saying, "Well done, Steeraway."

If I had only had my own way, I would have put them on a coral reef, but life is precious, you know, even to a sailor. As the Marathon neared the land, which proved to be one of the group, to the southward, Goshawk gave some orders in a low tone to several of the men. I knew what they were immediately, for the convicts began to cast off the lashings from the long boat.

"So Goshawk intends to keep his promise," I thought to myself, and I was to be cast adrift in the long boat.

When within fifteen miles of land the breeze died away and the old Marathon lay almost motionless. Goshawk swore, and stamped the deck, but to no purpose. Kind Providence paid no attention to him. About dusk the wind mended its appearance, and got ready to stand in.

"Steeraway," said Goshawk, "I guess you will have to make a voyage in the dark; but it can't be helped."

The boat was lowered; two kegs of water, bag of biscuits, and three or four punks of salt horses were tossed in, and I was told to follow suit. As I was cast adrift, the villains shouted after me: "Good-by, Steeraway, you have done us a good turn and we won't forget it!"

I made no reply, but sat in the stern of the boat, gazing after the receding vessel. After looking at her for a few minutes, I was overcome and bowed my head in my hands and wept. Just then a splash in the water near the boat aroused me. "A shark!" thought I. Again I heard it, and then a low voice as if from the deep: "Steeraway!"

I sprang from my thwart as if struck by a galvanic shock. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness. Presently I saw a dark form swimming toward the boat. Again the voice came over the water:

"Steeraway!"

Ben here knows I am not superstitious, but I confess I did feel a little awestricken. Before I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, a hand was laid on the gunwale, and the form of a man arose from the sea.

"It's Bolter, Joe; don't be frightened—I'm the ghost!"

That short sentence broke the spell which clung to me.

"Oh, Bolter!" cried I, in transport of joy.

"For Heaven's sake, help me in the boat, Joe! I am mighty weak. Now rescue the water? That outside of the boat will do to swim in, but I can't drink it."

Soon I laid the water-keg to his lips, and he took a long draught.

"There! I never wanted water so bad but once before in my life; and this is what I could hardly take, Joe."

I agreed with him on that score and asked him to tell me how he escaped from the convicts.

"Why, you see, Joe, I got an inkling of what was coming, but before I could get out of the cabin the rescuers were down upon me. So I slipped into the secret locker under the transom, and they looked in every place but that. Luckily, the locker contained some canned meats and fruits, so there was no danger of my starving. I overheard that fellow's conversation—the one they called Goshawk—and I knew, Steeraway, that you were safe. I also heard him tell his out-throat comrades what he intended for you, when I heard your boat lowered. I peeped from my hiding-place, saw the cabin was clear, as they were all on deck to see you off. Soon as I heard the boat cast adrift I crawled through a stern window, hung by the frame for a minute or two, then dropped into the sea, swam after your boat, and here I am."

Bolter suddenly started up and cried out, "Look, Joe, if they have not set the ship on fire!"

And so they had. Before they landed they had left two or three of them to lash the wheel and apply the torch. The flames threw a light over the ocean, and soon the whole outline in fire of the doomed Marathon could be seen. Heavy tongues of flame ran up the towered rigging, and the hull of the ship like a torch, and would now and then burst forth, and snail one after another were consumed. It was a magnificent sight, but a sorrowful one for us. We watched her until scarcely a spark could be seen; then suddenly, like a flash, the faint light disappeared, and all that remained of the Marathon was the bottom.

On the following morning we sighted an American whaler, which fortunately came near enough to see our signal of distress, and we were relieved from our uncomfortable position. Bolter and myself told the whaling skipper our story, and he and an ensign of his kindly, where the facts were laid before the English Consul, who took steps to capture the short-haired villains. This was successfully accomplished.

An Earnest Wish.

Rev. E. F. L. Gauss, Galena, Ills., writes: "For over ten years I had been a great sufferer from pains in the small of the back and region of the kidneys, which were most excruciating and at times almost insupportable. Doctoring brought no relief, except perhaps momentarily, and I was finally advised, being unable to fulfill the duties of my calling, to go abroad and seek the climate of my youth. In Germany and Switzerland, eminent physicians, after close examinations, declared my sufferings to arise from disease of the kidneys, of long standing, and could do me no good. I was, however, benefited by the climate and consequently returned. No sooner had I been back and resumed my pastoral work, when the old trouble grew again so intense as to make life a burden. A few months ago I came in possession of one of Dr. Fitch's Kidney Pills, put it on, and the effects were truly wonderful. The pains at once grew less, and are now, after wearing the second box, entirely gone, and there can be no doubt that I am entirely cured, as I wrote this some weeks after its use and am strong and look again the very picture of health. I write this perfectly voluntarily, and it is dictated only by truth and gratitude. I died I consider the Dr. Fitch's Kidney Pills. God's agents and great benefactors of mankind. May all the suffering be helped as I have been, by my earnest wish."

Thos. Fitcham, of Bradford, Pa., writes: "I enclose money for Spring's Blossom. I said I would if it cured me, my dyspepsia has vanished with all its symptoms. Many thanks, I shall never be without it in my house."

Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Shorer.

Peoples Drug Store.

409 MAIN AND MILWAUKEE STS.

A. J. ROBERTS, Proprietor.

A general stock of pure drugs and Patent Medicines. The finest assortment of Hair, Cloth Cases and Hand Mirrors, which I am selling at wholesale prices.

All kinds of Toilet Preparations, fine Bath and Toilet Soaps, including "Yosemite Boquet," the finest Perfumed Toilet Soap made. The largest and best assortment of Perfumes in the city. Also a fine line of imported and domestic Cigars.

deedly

MISCELLANEOUS.

At less than half the the expense of any other Stove. Satisfaction guaranteed. On Exhibition Day and Evening.

ALL KINDS OF LAMPS, BURNERS

Good Quality and Cheap.

Dealer in Fruits, Groceries, &c.

JOHN DAVENPORT, 25 West Milwaukee St.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

50 Pieces

CENTENNIAL SHEETING.

40 Doz Ladies' Summer Skirts

1,000 PARASOLS

500 Pieces of Dress Goods!

Great BARGAINS

Hosiery and Gloves,

Gray's Specific Medicine

County Court of Rock County.

Sherriff's Sale.

In Circuit Court for Rock County.

Warner's Safe Bitters

DR. MOWE

WANTS TO SELL HIS HOMESTEAD

FOR SALE!

A Beckford Knitting Machine

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DR. MOWE

THE CITY.

NOTICES FOR THIS COLUMN WILL BE CHARGED FOR AT TEN CENTS PER LINE. FIRST INSERTION, SIX CENTS; FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION, FIVE CENTS. ADVERTISING AT FIFTY CENTS PER LINE, FIRST, AND TWELVE CENTS FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION.

THEIR FIRST LAXATIVE, for sale at Heimstret's.

Persons having sugar cane, will please notice that Kent's new sugar and syrup works are located on North Main street, opposite the ice houses. They are of sufficient capacity to handle 40 tons of cane per day and are gotten up with every improvement to insure the production of pure, good flavored syrup and sugar. Bring your cane in early, as there is a large crop, and those who come first will be served first.

FOR SALE—A Single Harness, at a bargain; as good as new. Call at GAZETTE counting room.

FOR RENT—A prime almost new and in perfect order. Enquire at GAZETTE counting room.

We have a beautiful iron chair for lawn or cemetery lots. Will sell cheap, at the GAZETTE counting room.

You can get one set of Victor Platform Scales, new, at GAZETTE counting room at a bargain. Call and see them.

FOR SALE—A new Mosler, Bahman & Co. safe, weighing eleven hundred pounds, can be seen at GAZETTE counting room.

FOR SALE—One of the celebrated improved Howe sewing machines, new and in perfect running order, price low, at the GAZETTE counting room.

FOR SALE—One set of Howe's celebrated sliding poise, platform scales, just received from the manufacturers, can be seen at the GAZETTE counting room.

LOCAL MATTER.

Ladies' and Gents' Stationery. For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c., at reasonable prices, call at Sutherland's Bookstore. *Friday*

The Volcanic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay. *Friday*

THE S. G. BROS. STOPPED FREE BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. A MALINCLON MEDICINE FOR ALL NERVE DISEASES. Send to Dr. Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. *Friday*

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Moore, Station D, New York City. *Friday*

Economy and Pleasure

are united in SOZODONT. A few drops on the brush make a delightful lather for the month, which is fragrant and healthful. SOZODONT tightens the teeth in their sockets, restores them to their original color, and is altogether the most agreeable wash ever offered to the public. It is economical and pleasant. *Friday*

MOTHERS !! MOTHERS !!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child. Operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. *Friday*

FALL OF 1880.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE

EXAMINATIONS.

For Second District, Rock County.

The Annual Teachers' Institute will convene for a two weeks' session at Milton, August 23, 1880, at 10 o'clock a. m., under charge of Prof. J. Q. ELLER, formerly of the St. Albans Public School; and here permit me to say that while Prof. Eller may be a new man to many of us, he is not new to the *Journal of Education*, where he takes rank among the ablest educators of the State, and as an institute conductor, he is considered to be the best of his kind. Under his management, then, we may already regard our Institute as a success from the beginning, and feel a desire to be in the midst of it, experiencing the supervision and instruction, the discipline and drill, the suggestions and counsel, which, received in the right spirit, cannot but render us better fitted to make the work of the coming year a marked improvement over that of the last. But remember, Teachers, there can be no Institute worthy of our name, without your presence and co-operation. You should come prepared to stay during the full term, as only by this means can our direct maintenance be properly secured, and keep abreast with the advancement now being made everywhere throughout the State in school work. Without claiming to be the banner county in educational matters, we desire to be counted as rank second to no other in the State. The design now is to hold an exhibition, or fair, of school work, offering to a capital institution, and it is respectfully suggested and urged upon teachers to prepare with special reference to this end. The display will consist of specimens in penmanship, lettering, map-making, compositions, (examination papers, &c.) with a view of testing the efficiency and quality of the work done in the schools. This matter may be made the subject of more extended and detailed notice hereafter, but this much is thought necessary at this time to call your attention to it. It is hoped that this purpose will meet your hearty approval. *Friday*

EXAMINATIONS.

Special Examinations will be held September 2d and 10th. Regular Examinations will be held as follows: AT APTON, Sept. 20th and 30th. AT CLINTON, Oct. 5th and 10th. AT MILTON, Oct. 20th and 25th.

Examinations will commence promptly at nine o'clock in each case.

The committee in regard to transfers, renewals, and permits, contained in the Spring notice, will be ready to receive a capital institution to be placed at both the Institute and examinations to be extended to the public generally. *Friday*

CLINTON, Aug. 27, 1880. County Sup't.

BRIEFLETS.

—Nice and warm.
—Sugar cane is coming in town to be squeezed.
—Irish Spy at Lappin's hall, to-night. Admission 25 cents.
—The militiamen are expected to come home to-night.
—Thirty-six transients took dinner, today, at the Grand Hotel.
—A fine stone crossing is being put in at the corner of Franklin and Wall streets.
—Go to Lappin's hall, to-night, and take in the Irish Spy.
—If it wasn't for the danger of being arrested for abusive language one would be inclined to call August an old bluster.

—A corpse was seen floating down the river, to-day. It had four legs, though.
—There's a fine crop of Canada thistles near the intersection of Milwaukee and Madison streets. Let's see, don't the statutes have something to say about them?
—Go and see the Irishman Tim, in his specialty of Biddy Dundergrabb, on the mesh, at Lappin's hall, to-night.
—George Shurtliff is doubling the size of his restaurant, and improving it in all respects. He has knocked out the partition, and taken the whole store, since the barber shop, which was in the other half, has been moved into the Court Street church block. The increase of room and of improvement indicates that prosperity is attending him.
—Go and see the Irish Spy, to-night, at Lappin's hall. Good music. Admission only 25 cents. Give the boys a full house.

—A gentleman and his wife were startled in passing Lappin's hall last evening by hearing a tremendous explosion, followed by cries of murder, and they fancied they heard blood gurgling down the stairway. It only proved to be from the rendition of a blood and thunder drama upstairs. There must be lots of sensational work in "The Irish Spy."
—If some one would set a fly-trap to catch the small boys who swarm about the entrance to the Opera house, whenever there is a show there, it would be a relief to those who have to crowd their way through before gaining the stairs. There are some bigger boys, too, who loaf about the entrance, and neither go in or stay out. A shuffal club might be needed for them.

—We noticed to-day a queer sort of a watch which had been brought into Fred Fellow's store for repairs. Its main-spring measured over nine feet in length and it took a hundred and fifty revolutions of the stem to wind it, for twenty-four hours. The man who owned it is traveling through the country, and says he wouldn't part with the watch for any money, for when he gets caught out in a thunder storm he takes the spring out of his watch, and uses it for a lightning rod. He says the only objection to the watch is that only a gentleman of leisure can afford to spare time to wind it.

—Mr. Dunwiddie shows us a unique advertisement of an auction sale of certain land in England which his partner, Pliny Nonness, is looking after for a client. It seems unique here, but seems the ordinary way of doing things there. The advertisement is a large eight page one, giving a description of the four pieces to be sold, and a list of conditions long enough to make a pontoon bridge across the Atlantic. Added to the other novel features of the advertisement is a large, colored map gotten up with as much care as though to be used in securing stock subscriptions to some Western mine, and all this elaborate and expensive work of the printers and engravers is for the purpose of promptly selling at auction four little pieces of land amounting in all to about eight acres. For what the advertising cost one could get a whole farm in America, and equally good land. England must be a boss place for printers and engravers if they have many such auctions there, for they say this is the usual way to get the sale before the people.

—He was a Teutonic butcher from Monroe, and came to Janesville for the first time in his life yesterday. He laid himself out for a sidewalk snooze when the Marshal spied him, and tapped him on the heel to wake him up. He awoke. He saw the Marshal. He went him one better. He grabbed the vest with the star, and demolished vest, star, and all. He was as strong as a bull and ugly as a bear, and showed fight. After a brief skirmish however, he had to yield, was loaded onto a dray, carted to jail, and shoved into a cell. To-day he appeared in the Police Court and pleaded guilty to being drunk. He couldn't remember enough of what happened yesterday to write up his diary from, but thought that some fellows that wanted him to trust, got mad because he wouldn't, gave him a black eye, choked him until he could not get his speak out," robbed him of "some moneys," and a ten shilling ring, kicked him "round behind the shoulder down," and made him so crazy that he didn't know what he did. When asked if he remembered whether he rode or walked to jail he said "I think de most de way he shalaps me down." He looked into his pocket-book to see if he could pay a fine, and as he "couldn't" fine here more as fifty cent "now yet," he was put down for a week's board at the county's expense.

THE WEATHER.

REPORTED BY PRENTICE & EVENSON, DRUGGISTS.
The thermometer at six o'clock last night stood at 90 degrees above, and at 1 o'clock a. m., to-day at 77 degrees above; at 7 o'clock a. m., at 77 degrees above, and at 1 o'clock p. m., at 90 degrees above. The indications to-day are for the upper lake region, falling barometer, warmer southerly winds, partly cloudy weather, and local rains.

Why is a person getting Rheumatism like a man taking a dose? Because he is turning a key (nervous) the best cure for Rheumatism or Neuralgia is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Croft & Shier.

A BAD MISTAKE.

Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, whose wife is a daughter of the late Noah Newell, of this city, had rather an unsatisfactory experience in hunting for unsold burglars in his house in Chicago last Friday night. Hearing an unusual noise in the basement, he thought that burglars were prowling about, and he and his wife both hurried down stairs, but by different ways he taking the front stairs, and she the back ones. As the Doctor reached the basement he saw in the dim light a human form, and fired his revolver at what proved to be the form of his wife. The ball passed through her hand, and struck her breast bone, but the injuries are not of such a nature as will produce serious results, and she is rapidly recovering from them. The feelings of the Doctor in thus being the cause of the injuries can better be imagined than described.

PERSONAL.

—Rev. T. P. Sawin is home again from a Lake Superior shore.
—John Slightam, foreman of the Gazette's press room, is quite ill.
—Mrs. Clara Hunt has returned from her visit East and her stay at Chautauque.
—Sidney Allen, of Chicago, formerly of Allen's Grove, was in the city to-day.
—J. L. Croft has not been at his accustomed place in the First National Bank, for a day or two past, owing to illness.
—Miss Cross, an eccentricist of some note, whose residence is near Oshkosh, is visiting the family of R. P. Young, Miss Cross is returning from Chicago, where she has been studying elocution with Prof. Hammill.
—H. M. Hart, wife and little daughter, of St. Paul, are in the city, and are being cordially greeted by old friends. They expect to remain here several days. Mr. Hart is still enthusiastic about the Mutual Life, of New York, and his promotion to Assistant General Agent doesn't seem to lessen his zeal or his energy.
—Rev. F. J. Chapell goes to Evanston and Chicago to-day, for a short visit among his former associations, and to attend to some ecclesiastical business. He will preach in Chicago on Sunday, attend the Minister's meeting on Monday and return on Tuesday. His children accompany him. Elder W. P. Stowe, D. D., will fill the Baptist pulpit here on Sunday morning.
—T. T. Croft and George Osgood expect to start on the road Monday next, with sample huggies and gears made by the Single Center Spring Company, of which Mr. Croft is Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Osgood is travelling agent. They will show up the advantages of these springs and the beauty of those huggies at the Fairs at Cleveland, Ft. Wayne, Indianapolis, Detroit and St. Louis, and be absent about five weeks.

World renowned, as unrivalled, the Astor House, New York.

CHATTING WITH HOLDEN.

A. A. Dresser, while in Chicago the other day called at the county jail and there saw Fred Holden, who is still awaiting trial for his part in the Haberkorn burglary, and for perjury. He had quite a chat with Fred, and says he has grown "as gray as a rat," but looks in good health. Fred said he did not know when his trial would take place, but was confident that he would finally be set free, and if so, he would like to come back to Janesville, as this was his home, but he did not know as he had any friends here now. He seemed very penitent for the past, and said that the trouble he had got into had taught him a lesson, which he could not forget, and if he ever got out again, he would behave himself and let bad company and poor whisky alone.

FUNNY BREAK.

Last evening there was a fair audience to greet the Criterion Comedy Company, notwithstanding the oppressive heat. The comedy which was presented—"Freaks," was indeed a comedy, and as full of fun as the audience was full of laughter. The leading farcical feature of the play is that each of the characters has an extravagant freak; an editor who had a freak for the ladies, and his sub-editor who had a freak against all women; a banker who has a freak for business; this daughter who has a freak for the emancipation of women; his sister who has a freak for writing tragedies; a house-maid who has a freak for running, and so on through the entire cast. The complications and plot were woven about the fact of there being three personating Dr. Ketchum, only one of which was of course the genuine Doctor, while the other two used his name on needed occasions. The comical situations thus caused were provocative of laughter by the wholesale.

The company was very evenly balanced and did most excellent work. The play is a potpourri of nonsense, and they made it all reliable by the naturalness with which they assumed the various quirks and quips which added spice to the text. The audience laughed to their heart's content, and everyone was delighted. "Freaks" are indeed funny.

This is the first of the attractions offered by Litt & McFarlane, of Milwaukee, the managers, who have formed a circuit including Milwaukee, Racine, Madison and Janesville, and who propose sending here in due time other entertainments equally good. The managers certainly kept their promise as far as last night's entertainment was concerned, and gained a hold upon the public, which will render it comparatively easy to draw an audience to witness any other attraction which they shall send here under their endorsement. These managers are wide-awake, and business-like, and propose to keep faith with the public to whose amusement they are catering.

A HOT RUN.

Between two and three o'clock this afternoon Daniel McDougall took W. Q. Barnes' horse and buggy to drive out into the country after chickens. He had only got as far as Carle's grocery store,

when the horse took a run up onto the sidewalk, and as the wheels struck the curbing, McDougall was thrown out striking heavily upon the pavement. The horse continued the run directly down the sidewalk, clearing it quickly of people, and suddenly turning off the sidewalk ran into the Janesville Furniture Company's wagon, which stopped him. McDougall was picked up bleeding, and was carried into Carle's grocery store. His injuries proved to be only scalp and flesh wounds, from which the blood flowed freely, but which will not result seriously. The buggy was somewhat smashed, but all things considered the outcome of the affair was better than could be expected from the way it began.

NEW BOOKS.

The Duke's Children—Miss Bouverie—The Story of an Honest Man. THE DUKE'S CHILDREN—By ANNE MARSHALL. No. 29 of the Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. For sale by the Janesville dealers. Price 25 cents.
ANTHONY TROLLOPE is always entertaining, and is one of the most popular English novelists of the day. "The Duke's Children" ranks with "The Prime Minister" and "Doctor Thorne," among his best productions, and has a wide circulation in other forms. The present edition has 105 pages, and is in the customary clear and correct typography of the admirable Franklin Square Series.

MISS BOUVERIE—By Miss Moleworth. No. 28 of the Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. For sale by the Janesville dealers. Price 25 cents.
Mrs. Moleworth's "Miss Bouverie" is a tale of English-French life, principally the latter, with but little decided character beyond that of being a pleasant, little story, with interesting sketches of French travel a dozen years ago; it has the merits of being reasonably short, quite light and gossipy in its style, and not calculated to over-excite its hummock-swing reader, of a hot summer's afternoon.

THE STORY OF AN HONEST MAN—By E. M. Loring. No. 27 of the Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. For sale by the Janesville dealers. Price 25 cents.

M. Abou's appearances before the public in his earliest and perhaps happiest character of novelist, have been so rare of late years, that the resumption of the part—in "The Story of an Honest Man"—is sure to draw full houses. The novel is written for a double purpose—in exalting citizenship, and a sort of negative morality; to inculcate upon French men a sense of education and healthful habits of living, to teach them to aim at the development of the resources of the country, and to interest themselves in its political life, are the open and declared objects of the book. The manner in which the hero's career—of aristocratic blood, but whose grandfather was a volunteer of 1789—is, without any sermonizing or interruption of the action, made at once to give a sketch of what may be called the moral history of France for the last forty years, and to indicate the direction in which the author wishes reform, is worthy of M. Abou's reputation as a dextrous writer. The old generation, dating from the last century, with its simple creed that all foreigners are the enemies of France and to be generally exterminated; the earlier generation of this century, with all sorts of vague notions of human fraternity and a social millennium; the disappointment, which lapses into political indifference and more money-getting under the Empire; and, lastly, the regeneration effected, as M. Abou hopes, by the terrible baptism of 1870, mark the steps of the sketch. Many of the episodes, lesser characters, and passages of description are admirable. Too much praise can not be given to the heroine, "Barbe Bonfigne," as a drawing, rare in French fiction, literature, of a thoroughly pure, natural and attractive girl, not indeed over-refined, but at the same time, perhaps for that reason, equally far from the morbid sinners and the still more morbid models to M. Abou's colleagues. In the author's very best style is a sketch of the pleasures of traveling in the French provinces thirty years ago, and of the vanished excellences of the country inn.

NOSE BROKEN IN.

Mr. Sheridan, who works in Fred Koehlin's boot and shoe shop, received word that his son, John Sheridan, who is also known here, had been badly hurt in Chicago, and yesterday he went down together with his son-in-law. They found that John's nose had been partly broken up in business, and there were several scratches and cuts on his face beside, but none which will prove very serious if it is thought, though they are sufficient now to lay him up for repairs. He says that while at work in a toy factory, something hit him and knocked him senseless. He thinks it must have been a bit of wood from one of the saws. The Chicago papers stated that a John Sheridan, hailing from Janesville had been found lying on the South side, with his nose smashed, and some said he had been fighting and others that he had been robbed. Sheridan's friends here say that it was some other Sheridan, and that the two got mixed. It seems mixed, surely.

A CASE OF 27 YEARS' STANDING.

ISABEL JEWETT, No. 15 Avon Place, Boston, says: "I have suffered, and sometimes severely, for twenty-seven years from Dyspepsia. During that time I had the best medical advice, and tried the effect of dieting, traveling, farming, and various other kinds of exercise, but without receiving permanent relief. I became very feeble, and my stomach at length rejected every kind of food, even rice-water. In January last I commenced taking the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and found immediate benefit from it. In the course of three or four weeks I was entirely relieved from my sufferings. Since then I have enjoyed an interrupted health. I recommended the Syrup to one of my friends who had suffered severely from neuralgia. He took one bottle of it, which relieved him at once, and, not having had any return of the disease for three months, he considers himself permanently cured." Sold by all druggists. Sold in Janesville by Prentice & Evenson.

Go to A. J. Roberts for Mrs. Freeman's New National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Price, 15 cents. *Friday*

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

JANESVILLE MARKETS.

Reported for the Gazette by Bang & Gray, Grain and Produce Dealers.

JANESVILLE, August 27.
FLOUR—New Process \$1.70 per sack; Wisconsin \$1.25 per sack.
RYE FLOUR—\$2.25 per 100 lbs.
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—75¢ per sack.
WHEAT—Winter, 75¢; Good to best milling spring 75¢; shipping grades 65¢ to 75¢.
WHEAT BRAN—50¢ per 100; choice per ton; ARA—choice, 50¢ per 100; bolled the per sack 25¢; 50¢ per 100.
MIDDLINGS—50¢ per 100 lbs. Ton \$12.
RYE—In request at 65¢ per 100.
BARLEY—Good to best samples new, 55¢ per 100; fair quality 50¢ to 55¢.
COB—shelled per 100, 35¢ to 40¢.
OATS—new white 25¢ to 26¢; mixed 20¢ to 21¢; old 21¢ to 22¢.
TIMOTHY SEED—In demand at \$1.75 to \$1.80 per 100 pounds.
CHERRY SEED—In demand at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per bushel.
POTATOES—In demand at 30¢ to 40¢.
CUTTED—In demand at 15¢ to 20¢.
PEAS—In demand at 10¢ to 15¢ per bushel.
EGGS—Good demand at 15¢ to 20¢.
HIDES—Green, 60¢; calf 50¢; Dry, 12¢ to 14¢.
WOOL—In demand at 40¢ to 50¢ for fair to choice; 1¢ off for uncleanable.
SHEEP FEELS—Range at 25¢ to 30¢ each.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle \$2.50 to \$3.00; 2 to 10 lbs; Hog \$1.25 to \$1.50; 100 lbs; Poultry—Turkeys 50¢; Chickens 40¢.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, August 26.
WHEAT—No. 2 spring wheat cash, 87¢; No. 3 spring wheat cash, 86¢.
CORN—No. 2 cash, 35¢.
PORE—Cash new, 51¢ to 52¢.
LARD—Cash 57¢.
LIVE HOGS—\$1.50 to \$1.75; 100 lbs; to grade, BUTTER—25¢ to 26¢; 100 lbs; to grade, according to quality.
EGGS—65¢ to 70¢, according to quality.
RIGGS—Fresh, 12¢.
HAY—Timothy No. 1, new, at \$12.50 to \$13.00; old \$11.50 to \$12.00; No. 2, at \$12.00 to \$12.50.
HOPS—21¢ to 22¢.
HONEY—Good to new choice comb in boxes at 12¢ to 15¢.
SEEDS—Clover at 85¢ to 1.00; Timothy at \$2.00 to \$2.50; Flax, 81¢.
TALLOW—No. 1, 5¢ to 6¢.
WHISKY—41¢.
WOOL—Fib-washed bright, 15¢ to 16¢; unwashed, 25¢ to 26¢; coarse, 20¢ to 25¢.

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, August 26.
FLOUR—Good and unchanged.
WHEAT—Shelled; opened at an advance of 1¢, and closed steady. No. 1 Milwaukee hard \$1.42; No. 1 Milwaukee soft, No. 2, 30¢ to 35¢; No. 3, 25¢ to 30¢; No. 4, 20¢ to 25¢; No. 5, 15¢ to 20¢; No. 6, 10¢ to 15¢; No. 7, 5¢ to 10¢; No. 8, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 9, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 10, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 11, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 12, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 13, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 14, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 15, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 16, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 17, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 18, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 19, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 20, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 21, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 22, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 23, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 24, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 25, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 26, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 27, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 28, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 29, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 30, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 31, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 32, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 33, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 34, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 35, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 36, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 37, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 38, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 39, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 40, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 41, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 42, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 43, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 44, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 45, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 46, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 47, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 48, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 49, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 50, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 51, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 52, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 53, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 54, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 55, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 56, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 57, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 58, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 59, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 60, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 61, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 62, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 63, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 64, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 65, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 66, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 67, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 68, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 69, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 70, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 71, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 72, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 73, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 74, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 75, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 76, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 77, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 78, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 79, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 80, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 81, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 82, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 83, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 84, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 85, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 86, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 87, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 88, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 89, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 90, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 91, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 92, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 93, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 94, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 95, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 96, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 97, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 98, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 99, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 100, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 101, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 102, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 103, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 104, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 105, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 106, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 107, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 108, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 109, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 110, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 111, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 112, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 113, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 114, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 115, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 116, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 117, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 118, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 119, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 120, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 121, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 122, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 123, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 124, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 125, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 126, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 127, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 128, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 129, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 130, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 131, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 132, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 133, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 134, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 135, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 136, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 137, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 138, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 139, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 140, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 141, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 142, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 143, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 144, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 145, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 146, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 147, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 148, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 149, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 150, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 151, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 152, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 153, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 154, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 155, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 156, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 157, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 158, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 159, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 160, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 161, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 162, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 163, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 164, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 165, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 166, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 167, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 168, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 169, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 170, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 171, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 172, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 173, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 174, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 175, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 176, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 177, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 178, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 179, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 180, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 181, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 182, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 183, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 184, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 185, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 186, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 187, 0¢ to 5¢; No. 188, 0¢ to 5